

FAITH.

Beyond this ever-varying world, where troubles will arise,
 Above the ever-changing moon, beyond the azure skies,
 There is a land where sorrow forever is unknown—
 And the loved and lost are gathering beside the Saviour's throne.
 I see the grey-haired father, with calm and peaceful mien,
 And the saintly mother near him—I know 'tis not a dream;
 For I hear the children's voices, half hid among the palms,
 And the little ones are nestling safe in the Saviour's arms.

O. P. P.

A CORRESPONDENT discourses thus pleasantly of Christmas as it was in "ye olden time:"

Dear old Christmas, with its Santa Claus and happy childish faces I love. It is the only time I have a passionate longing to be a child again, and hang up my stocking. Christmas trees are pretty, and there is a good deal of fun in dressing them; but give me the good old orthodox stocking. Shall we ever forget, oh, Editor, the perfect happiness experienced while selecting the place to hang the stocking, getting everything ready for the advent of jolly old Santa Claus?

How we crept around softly, fearing to disturb him—going to bed two hours before the usual time—trying to go to sleep, yet every moment popping our heads up to see if everything was all right, a little uneasiness mingling with our joy, as to whether nurse was strictly correct in her conviction, loudly expressed, that switches would be the predominant feature in the contents of said stockings? Having come to the conclusion that nurse is "a mean old story teller," we fall asleep, and then comes that delicious moment when, the next morning, we waken before it is light, and creeping out, grope our way to the fire-place, and with trembling hands squeeze our stocking. The thrill of happiness that goes over us on discovering it really is full is never equaled in after years. We have our joys and our moments of intense delight; but nothing equals that of the child, standing in its night dress on a Christmas morning, looking at its new treasures that it firmly believes Santa Claus has brought. That faith in the old fellow is one of the sweetest fictions of childhood, and it was one in which I firmly believed. I would give a number of Northern Pacific bonds, now in my possession, if I could get up now half as much faith in anything or anybody as I had in old Santa Claus.